

HERTY & CO.

Our Friends.

new stock of

GOODS

ete, the ensuing week
we, and we shall show
of

AND TRIMMINGS!

Atlanta. Further, we
ring out on the season's
sell nothing at less than
we bought at wonderfully
in first hands, and we are
"fancy prices" on any-
this down and remem-

is magnificent and at-

quote prices here, but if
competitors, we'll hang

DEPARTMENT

the South, has been aug-
mented Shoe men. Shoes
er than ever. Come on
yes opened, though we
peners" until after the

ERTY AND CO.

NOOK'S

Exposition

ND PRICES.

suites in the south. Open and ready on Monday
on my Floors. All new, fresh goods.
known in Atlanta. The interior of my warrooms
the great

Exposition,

imported and domestic ever brought south
hundreds of buyers will defer their purchases until the
their goods more promptly.

Beds,

Tables. 1,000 Cts. 1,000 common Bedsteads and
Beds in the south. I can show the handsomest

Legislating for Workmen.

LIEGE, September 4.—The social congress

here is attended by a large number of dele-

gates, including the archbishop of Béthune,

Prince Loewenstein, several German deputies

and French political writers.

The bishop of Lier, Dr. Gobert, has proposed

the necessity of a spirit of fraternity between

masters and employees, and declared it to be the

duty of the state to intervene in favor of the

working classes. He expressed his approval

of the workmen's bills proposed by the govern-

ment labor commission.

Twenty-Four Men Drowned.

LONDON, September 4.—The ship of

Brussels, Glasgow, bound for Liverpool, Calcutta, with a cargo of salt, exploded off

Yarmouth, the cargo having shifted. Five

of the men were rescued, and twenty-four

drowned, most of whom were Germans and

Swedes.

Compliments to the French.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 4.—The Sultan

has presented to Count De Montebello, French

ambassador, a golden snuff-box, ornamen-

tated with gold, and has conferred upon General

Feron, the French minister of war, the decora-

tion of the order of Osman.

An Italian Earthquake.

ROME, September 4.—An earthquake oc-

curred at Savona today, but did no damage.

The inhabitants were terror stricken, fearing

a repetition of last winter's experience.

Garrison's successor.

Atlanta and Richmond Air Line railroad, bet-

ween 500 feet above Atlanta, linking Norcross very con-

veniently and easily goods and stock at this fair. Rail-

road five or six passenger trains passing daily.

Atlanta at 4:30 every evening, returning next morning.

Atlanta and Richmond Air Line railroad, bet-

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THE CONSTITUTION:

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THE CONSTITUTION,
Atlanta, Georgia.

ATLANTA, GA., SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOCTORS.

Washington will today enjoy a spectacle such as few cities have ever witnessed.

Two thousand doctors in one assembly will make a rare and interesting group. They will come from the four corners of the earth to attend the International Medical congress. This will be the first meeting of the kind ever held on this continent. The last congress met in Copenhagen in 1884, and the one before that in London in 1881.

In this grand assembly there will be representatives of medical science from every civilized country of the world. Many of the most eminent living physicians will be there. At the London congress only twelve hundred doctors met. More than twice that number will meet at Washington. A majority of these will come from the United States and Canada, but they will meet their professional brethren from every civilized country. If it be true that in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom, there ought to issue rich contributions to scientific lore from this great congress. Undoubtedly good will result from the interchange of views and the learned discussions which will be held this week in Washington.

Of course no one outside the profession can understand how much the doctors will enjoy this great meeting of their brotherhood of all nations. It will be an experience which they have long looked forward to, and which, when it is past, will be treasured among their fondest recollections.

Georgia and Atlanta will be well represented in the congress.

Its proceedings will be watched with interest by physicians, scientists and the intelligent public in all enlightened countries.

The Springfield Republican appears with a new outfit, and a very pretty one. The Republican is a model newspaper in many respects, but it frequently takes a very narrow view of matters and things. This is natural enough, for this country is so large that it is not given to one editor to thoroughly understand and appreciate the necessities of every section.

Brother Watterson's Latest.

In his able essay in Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice's monthly newspaper on "The Democratic Party Outlook," Brother Watterson lays down two very interesting propositions. 1. "The surplus must be disposed of." 2. "Its recurrence must be prevented."

As far as they go, these propositions are unassailable. The surplus must be reduced, and measures must be taken to prevent accumulation hereafter. The remedy is as simple as the propositions, but Brother Watterson is inclined to fight shy of it. In fact, he is opposed to the true remedy, and is anxious to apply Mr. Morrison's horizontal panacea to the whole business.

This is a funny remedy. Brother Watterson predicts democratic success in 1888, and yet he knows very well (if he knows anything about the situation) that if the Morrison horizontal panacea is applied, the democrats will lose Virginia, North Carolina, New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, and sustain serious losses in other states.

What the people desire in the repeal of the infamous internal revenue laws, and if this reform is not accomplished by the democrats there will be a breach in the party that all the Wattersons and Morrisons in the country cannot heal. The people know that this reform must precede any real reform in the tariff, for a reduction of duties while the odious excise laws are in operation would only add to the already large surplus in the treasury.

Fortunately for the country and the party, Brother Watterson and his free trade friends cannot control the democratic party.

The free-traders are gradually growing milder. Even Editor Bill Singerly, of Philadelphia, has discovered that he is not as bold as a Bulgarian sovereign.

Newspapers Here and There.

A correspondent of the Montgomery Dispatch takes an old number of the Cahaba, Ala., Democrat, edited by William L. Yancey in 1853, and compares it with the newspapers of the present day.

The Cahaba Democrat, regarded as a country weekly, was not much of a newspaper. It gave little space to news, but its editorials were strong and well written, and nothing of interest in politics escaped the editor's notice.

As the correspondent of the Dispatch says: "It was a weekly political broadside; it bristled with political facts, figures and arguments."

At that time, and during the early history of the country, all of our newspapers were more or less on the order of Mr. Yancey's journal. Local news was considered of very little importance, and the space devoted to current events was quite limited. The editorial page was the feature, and it dealt with politics to the exclusion of almost every other subject.

The American newspaper of today is very different from its predecessor, but perhaps it does not differ from it more widely than it does from its foreign contemporaries. The leading English newspapers are still dominated by the editorial page. The same may be said of the French journals, although it must be admitted that they publish a great variety of reading matter as can be found anywhere. In one respect the French newspapers are peculiar. One of their great attractions is a department devoted to fiction. No daily or weekly ever appears without a serial and a short story. The managers pay moderately for good editorial and reporter work, but they offer extra inducements to secure the best story writers. This policy has run the Paris *Petit Journal* up to a circulation of 950,000 copies, and the announcement of a new

story by a popular writer generally adds 50,000 new subscribers.

Our newspapers in departing from the English standard have drifted in the direction of their French contemporaries. They have made the editorial page a light and gossipy affair, and they are as enterprising and as liberal in the matter of securing a story as they are in contracting for news. In fact, our great papers rival the magazines.

The American newspaper of 1888 was not badly represented by the Cahaba Democrat, but its successor is so far ahead of it that if any of the old-time editors are alive now they would doubtless hesitate a long time before re-entering journalism. The statesman, who in his place has been taken by a citizen of the world who knows a little of everything, and is interested in everything. The changes may have made our newspapers of less value as political factors, but it has made them vastly more entertaining.

The New York Sun has an article on "The Czar's Next Move." If the czar wants to know how to move he should join the Atlanta chess club.

The atmosphere seems to be clearer since Mr. Bob Garrett got rid of his elephant.

A Contemptible Swindle.

A novel alleged to be "The Duchess" was recently issued by a New York publishing firm, and it appears to be meeting with a ready sale.

The admirers of "The Duchess," the majority of them at least, are not aware that their favorite author died several years ago. Since her death several books written by inferior pens have been issued in her name.

From any point of view this is a fraud. It is a fraud upon the dead and the living. If anything it is meant as plagiarism, and that is about the meanest thing that a human being can be guilty of.

The literary merits of this fraudulent book need not be discussed here.

It makes no difference whether the book is good or bad. The point is that the publishers are deliberately swindling the public.

A NEW YORK law, recently passed, prohibits the adulteration of wine with carbolic acid, and the Sun intimates that the citizens of the metropolis can no longer get genuine champagne.

"NEW YORK," says the Herald, "should have a good drive." There is pith in this. New York should drive her boulders, gamblers, speculators and swindlers to the wall. This would be a very good drive, indeed.

The Cotton Movement.

The New York Financial Chronicle, in its weekly review of the cotton market, says that for the week ending Friday evening, September 2, the total receipts have reached 39,300 bales, against 19,270 bales last week, 9,440 bales the previous week, and 7,270 bales three weeks since, making the total receipts since the 1st of September, 1887, 15,590 bales, against 11,703 bales for the same period of 1886, showing an increase since September 1, 1887, of 3,756 bales.

The exports for the week reach a total of 32,253 bales, of which 30,470 were to Great Britain, — to France and 1,765 to the rest of the continent. The total sales for forward delivery for the week are 439,900 bales. For immediate delivery the total sales foot up this week 4,771 bales, including 200 for export, 4,571 for consumption, — for speculation and — in transit. Of the above 200 bales were to arrive.

The imports into continental towns during the week have 30,000 bales. There has been an increase in the cotton in sight of 121,370 bales, as compared with the same date of 1886, an increase of 80,425 bales as compared with the corresponding date of 1885, and a decrease of 253,986 bales as compared with 1884.

The old interior stocks have decreased during the week 29,300 bales, and are tonight 19,142 bales less than at the same period last year. The receipts at the same towns have been 6,363 bales more than the same week last year, and since September 1 the receipts at all the towns are 1,633 bales less than for the same time in 1886.

Although the receipts at the outports the week were 29,300 bales, the actual movements from plantations was 39,346 bales, the balance going to increase the stocks at the interior towns. Last year the receipts from the plantations for the same week were 21,937 bales and for 1885 they were 27,100 bales.

The Chronicle says that except for an irregular episode on Tuesday connected with the closing up of August contracts, the tendency of prices of cotton for future delivery at New York has been upward for the week under review. Unfavorable crop accounts have been asserted and reiterated with much pertinacity, and the very small stocks in American markets, together with the full figure at which prices and transactions in cotton on the spot have been maintained, gave credence to a report that an effort was being made to "corner" September contracts.

Friday an irregular opening was followed by an advance on the repetition of unfavorable crop accounts, but a decline was caused by the free crop movement. Cotton on the spot has been quiet. Offerings were on a very limited scale, except of low grades and odds and ends, for which there was little demand. Quotations were advanced 1-16c. on Monday and 4c. Thursday, with more doing for home consumption. The market Friday was quiet and unchanged, at 10c. for middling uplands.

The weather reports of the Chronicle, which are always full and accurate, indicate excessive rains and floods in portions of Texas and North Carolina, causing some damage in low lands. In other sections of the south, however, there has been little or no rain, and this, in some districts, has been an unfavorable feature. Cotton is opening rapidly, and, except when interrupted by rains, picking has made excellent progress.

A Preliminary Survey.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Any oysters?" she timidly inquired at the door.

"Yes."

"This year?"

"Yes."

"Haven't been packed and kept over summer?"

"No, ma'am."

"Extra large and very nice!"

"Yes."

"Very well. I may take a notion this fall to have some."

He is Ready.

From the Augusta Chronicle.

"Anxious Inquirer," will reply to Dr. Haworth on Monday's Chronicle.

Atlanta, GA., SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

GOVERNOR HILL has been invited to attend 150 county fairs. He does not think he can stand more than nine.

THE EXPRESS COMPANIES all over the country are trying to show that they are not subject to the provisions of the interstate commerce act.

MR. BLAINE and the prince of Wales are getting very thick. Buffalo Bill likes the prince but will not have much to do with Blaine. Blaine picks his company.

THE AMERICAN OPERA company has finally collapsed and the thin legged lasses from Italy and France, who constituted its chief attraction, have laid them down.

The Raleigh News says that Atlanta will be painted red, white and blue, during the Piedmont exposition. The national colors will drap and adorn the whole city.

THE RALEIGH NEWS

has been invited to attend the national exposition.

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MULHATTON LOOSE.

Two Strange Beings Upon
Chattahoochee Island.
A SINGULAR REGION EXPLORED.
The Den Under the Protruding Rock—The
Strange Conduc of the Queen
Captives.

From the Columbus, Ga., Enquirer-Sun.

Enquirer-Sun—During the last week your correspondents with half dozen others, has brought to light some of the most startling facts of the age. The Hermit island, in the Chattahoochee, has been reached and searched, and runaway negroes in the most abject state of barbarism were found.

THE HERMIT ISLAND.

is about midway between West Point and Columbus in the most precipitous part of the whole river. A few hundred yards above the island the river turns sharply from precipice to precipice, leaping high into the air, leaping again and breaking into a foam against the north side of the island, which is of solid rock. Here it turns east and west, then down the sides of the island over rugged rocks and smaller precipices, forming two chains of cascades, one on each side, which fall at least a mile of rapids that flow at almost lightning speed. Thus with the falls, cascades and rapids, all communication with the mainland is cut off so that until a few days ago white man's foot had, perhaps, never pressed its soil. Indeed, it was by mere accident that a passage across this seemingly impenetrable barrier has been made at all. This is

HOW IT WAS DONE.

On the east side a fall about fifteen feet in height reaches to the mainland. The water cuts through the rock in a series of blue rock steps by a layer of softer stone. The latter crumbles and is gradually beaten away by the waters striking the river bed below, thus leaving the blue rock above protruding as a shelf supporting this ponderous volume of water. Every few years the support becomes too weak and the weight of the water gives way, which causes the fall to recede a few feet, often settling when it was thirty feet down stream than at present. Thus has the fall receded until it has reached the mouth of a natural tunnel that opens upon the mainland.

A party of us were on a camp fish above the island. Mr. E. G. Mulhatten, who took guns and went down into some woods opposite the island squirrel shooting. The mouth of the tunnel was found and entered, not knowing whether it would lead us. Soon light shown before us, and proceeding further we found ourselves in a dark, low, ledge rock over which poured this immense volume of water. A feeling of awe came over us, but curiously predominated and onward we went. No natural obstacle prevented our safe transit to Hermit island. After a brief rest we set out to explore the island and human settlements. All around the base and near shore was one rocky cliff, with here and there an old cedar clinging in the crevices of the rocks, from whose branches hung the long, white river moss. In the interior the surface sank into a low, flat land, covered with tall grass and here and there a few low shrubs. In these trees we found our game. One shot from my companion's gun brought a squirrel to the ground, immediately followed by two black, naked objects bearing the outward stamp of savagery.

HUMAN FIGURES.—They ran bent low at almost lightning speed, and disappeared over the little mound some 200 yards away. We stood in passive fear and amazement no less astonished than Robinson Crusoe on finding the footprints on his island. In an hour we had been to camp, collected our little band of half a dozen, and with guns and dogs we captured the half-starved, naked savages. They retreated to their den, under a craggy rock, and when surrounded by men and dogs

SURRENDERED.

with no resistance. They fell upon their faces, and uttered groans to be seen for miles, at uttering no word that was intelligible. Indeed, no word from them has yet been understood except the word "dog," which they pronounce with distinctness. Their fear of the dog almost approaches madness. They conversed together in monologues of an unknown tongue. That dog was under a ledge of rock. No indication of fire was seen in or about the place. The only sign of habitation was a pile of straw, leaves and moss in the den, and bones of varmints and birds scattered about. It is supposed that the meat was eaten raw.

The dog perfectly ran except a thin coat of hair which it has furnished since their banishment. They stand and walk half bent, as if creeping to their prey. They cannot look you in the eye. The larger one of them is tall and muscular. He seems about forty-five or fifty years old. The other is small, and thin, and has contracted his three score and ten. The man and teeth of both have grown long and hooked so that they find no difficulty in tearing the flesh from a carcass. With their long and brawny arms they can hurl a stone as with much accuracy as a bullet.

There is but one theory as to why this barbarian exists on Hermit island, and that is that the negroes during the time of slavery, sought this as a place of refuge from their masters. When he has been found and since they could not advise it is almost certain, since they would in such a case have provided themselves with fire and means to obtain food. But

HOW DID THEY GET THERE?

is a question unanswered. Certainly not as we did, for the fall is receding, and has been in existence for more than only a few years, while these negroes have been on the island less than twenty-two years. No effort was ever made by white man to reach the place. On account of its rocky and barren appearance it was not supposed to be inhabitable.

When I think of Darwin's theory of evolution, and of the origin of the species of animal life, and look upon these two specimens of humanity, so much like the brute and yet bearing the outward appearance of men, I can but sit and think that surely Darwin is right and these creatures are reverting to the brute whence they came.

LEM D.

The Parallel Column in History.

From the Boston Advertiser.

The last of the iconoclasts is the Abbe Larrieu, who declares that the Chinese wall is a myth.

He says that the famous wall of China never existed, and that all stories about it have been an altogether fabrication.

He goes to the abode of the lamented emperor, more than 2,000 years ago, built a number of square towers, with the intent in some or later, of connecting them, but this he never did. He goes on to say that the parts of the wall which he describes as standing are but ramparts in front of villages erected as local defenses, and by no means as parts of a continuous wall.

According to his statements the myth of the Chinese wall originated with another priest, the Abbe Martin, who visited the country in 1660 and wrote an account of this wonderful work of masonry, and all subsequent writers on China have only "cribbed" the tale from him.

Can it be possible that the overworked metaphor of the tree trunk is to be similarly destroyed? Are these words of the Abbe Larrieu to be wide enough for our chariots to drive abreast, as the geographies of our boyhood used to say, totally false? Are those pictures of the great structure, with its broad driveway and stately cascades of fountains, on which the average schoolboy gazes with such wonder and admiration—are they, too, a tremendous hoax?

Brought Away From Home.

HARVEST GROVE, Ga., September 4.—[Special.]—The sad intelligence has just reached here that Mr. F. Stark, formerly of this place, ten years late of Texas, had died in Memphis, Tennessee, this morning. Mr. Stark, a native of this place, born here, and had succeeded in getting his consent to return to the Grove, and it was while he was on his way hither, that he passed away. His remains will be met in Atlanta by his father and brothers and will be brought here for interment.

Women and Art.

I thought to win me a name—
Should ring in the ear of the world!—
How can I work with small pink fists—
About my fingers curled?

They add to name and to fame!
They scarce are worth the best
Couch of this wet little, wavy little mouth—
With its lips against my breast.

—Alice Williams Brotherton in the Century.

"THE QUEEN OF HOME."

Woman's Position in the World
Higher Than Man's.

DR. TALMAGE'S VACATION SERMON.

Text: "There are Threescore Queens"—The
Imperial Character of a True Christian
Woman.

THE HAMPTONS, September 4.—[Special.]—The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage today was from Solomon's song, chapter vi, v. 8: "There are Three Score Queens." Following is the sermon in full:

So Solomon, by one stroke, set forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a hirsute, not a subdomine, but queen; and in my text Solomon speaks of these helping to make up the royal pageant of Jesus. In a former sermon I showed you that crown and costly attendance and imperial wardrobe were not necessary to make a queen; but that graces of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. I showed you at some length that woman's position was higher in the world's than man's, and that although she had often been denied the right of suffrage, she always did vote and always would vote by her influence; and that her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominion which she has already won. I began an enumeration of some of her rights, and this morning I resume the subject.

In the first place, woman has the special and the superlative right—not again going back to what I have already said—woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick.

What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smilings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick-beds! What shall we do with them? Small man, with his rough hand and clumsy foot, go stumbling around the sick-room trying to soothe the distressed nerves, and alleviate the pains of the tossing patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of ministering influences; but the first thing of the typical kind for which he says "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment when he said:

"Woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A mother's love is all we have."

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest field of Shunem and got struck—threw his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head! my head!" and they said: "Why, try to get up, son, and eat." And then they said: "He sat on his knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mout for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed, how they lay you down, how you turn the ministries of home. I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes, for several weeks' business absence at the west. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed, far away from home. By early train the wife awoke him, went westward, but they were too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little longer. He said: "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses intermit, and the heart stops. Then comes one great loss to their store. There comes one of their companions in business, play him a sad trick, carry the burden alone. He is asked in the household again and again: What is the matter? but he believes it is sort of Christian society that when the crisis comes she is better off to let the world know of it. How often does she have seen the man, and I say, "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went for." The Lord told me to go in and get it, and He never sends me on a fool's errand."

I have to tell you that it is a woman's specific right to comfort under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel; but all profane as well as sacred history attest that when the crisis comes she is better off to let the world know of it.

How often does she have seen the man, and I say, "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went for." Then comes a crisis in your affairs. You struggled bravely and long; but after a while there came a day when you said: "I will tell you about the silks, and the ribbons, and the fashions?" She came up to the head of the table, and the husband said: "We have got to stop." You left the store suddenly. You could hardly make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the ferry-boat. You felt every body would be looking at you, and blaming you, and denouncing you. You hastened to turn you in bed, how they lay you down, how you turn the ministries of home. I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes, for several weeks' business absence at the west. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed, far away from home. By early train the wife awoke him, went westward, but they were too late. 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THE BRAKEMEN STRIKE.

Seventy-five Out Work in Birmingham.—The Switchmen Ask an Advance.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., September 4.—[Special.]—The expected strike of the brakemen on the Louisville and Nashville road took place today. Several days ago the men petitioned the management for an increase of pay. This petition was granted, and now they are asking for an additional amount.

They are to receive \$1.25 per day, instead of \$1.00. The switchmen claim that the management has not given them enough to live on.

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THE WEATHER REPORT.

Indications.

For Georgia: Light local rains; slight changes in temperature; light to fresh winds, generally easterly

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Wind.

Rainfall.

Weather.

Stations.

Barometer.

Direction.

Velocity.

Rainfall.

Wind.

Barometer.

Direction.

Velocity.

Rainfall.

Wind.